

Poetry Series

Travis Lepine
- poems -

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Travis Lepine(July 17th,1991)

An Ancient Mind In A Modern Age

An ancient mind in a modern age
Is what thy skull beholds.
Alone with the ignorance of the soul;
The gift that the present bestow.
Romance heavenly haunts these thoughts
That speak these solemn words.
Nature is thy sadness' smile
O' airs' graceful birds
That fly amongst the sky at dawn
And greet thy sight with wings
That let upon my hair with breeze
And those holy songs thee sings.
Can I explain how clouds do form? -
Which in the sea sky they have rafted.
They don' follow the rules of modern day
For they are anciently crafted.
And bumbling wings of bumbling bees
You as well do grow thy cheeks.
Thy self, in time, do hope that earth
Will long for what these eyes do seek.

Travis Lepine

An Open Window

I walked a sylvan trail at noon
And in the sky a blossoming moon
Shun its candid light upon,
An infant majestic, developing swan.

Its beauty: So hallowed and pure
And a mind yet so immature
Of the cruelties that await the day
It mounts and, mistakenly, soars away.

But an open window (the next morning) I saw
On Pledge Street, a sight unknown of flaw.
Artistry, like the infant swan,
Stood on the windowsill that early dawn.

A heavenly pie chilled in the air
As elders kneeled for morning prayer.
Lost be the infants (who sin `stead of pray)
Who, contrasting the swan, have fled away.

Inevitable manners of a mortal mind
Never seem to grasp, in time,
The bearing of a Godly swan
Which with my apathy it withdrawn.

Travis Lepine

Clouds

Though far-removed from mortal touch
A soul can fondle the gossamer cloud.
The blue hearts would be frozen from woe
If not for it being the shroud.
The beautiful rose's thorn can prick
But the cloud with heal the womb.
Its rain cleanses softly the forgotten tombs
And the filth of fallen bricks.
Forever eternal, a home for the passed,
A world of forgotten are massed.

Travis Lepine

Falsities Of Existence

The mirror displays a foreign face;
A being I once had known.
The memories of my past self have been erased
For this nameless being has grown.

Insanity scratches my neck,
And taunts me. At times he hits me hard.
My mentality has become a neurotic wreck;
My outlook on life is scarred.

The Devil cries a lullaby
Of fear into my ears.
The anguish in his cries just multiply
And my misery perseveres.

The blade looks awfully just at times
But he never seems to speak.
Instead I bleed into my rhymes
For myself is whom I seek.

Travis Lepine

I Am Home

The plane has landed, homeland, I'm home
And a butterfly haunts my arrival.
I cautiously ride as this lion doth roam
For I'm a gazelle whom seeks its survival.
Free from the war but not from this fly
Who has now a duo that stalks
That surrounds me like the lead coloured sky
In Afghanistan where I was shot.
Before, I was a stalwart soul
With vim, and might and fire
That flared with power beyond control
And a morrow in which to aspire.
But now this day has dolefully rose
From the roots of rotten tree.
And God, himself, today reposed
As my legs wither like debris.
I'm lost from war, can't find the road
In which I walked before.
All the medals I earned are bestowed
That serve as torpid décor.
In what for life is worth to seek?
For good desists these eyes.
All depression has climbed its peak
As all that is living dies.

Travis Lepine

Is Happiness A Sin?

Is Happiness a sin?

For when these pockets starve so does this gut
But luxury fuels thy barge to distant shores
And hauls all burdens and angst
Without a tear.

Is Happiness a sin?

If man do choose to follow instincts
Before he has be wed his half.
Has he fordone his chance of life?
Has he lost more than purity that night?

Is Happiness a sin?

If merriment does result in carousing,
Celebration and cheering success
Indulgence but once to illuminate a memory;
Will the soul wake burnt that morrow?

Is Happiness a sin?

If so, I fancy it over morality.
What is a life without liveliness?
'Tis air without wind.
So sin it will be.

Travis Lepine

No Longer

My ears are no longer perverse and my eyes can discern the day;
The lights that surface in the sky have cleansed my fiend away.
No longer do I conjure up a vile scheme to drink
The poison that defiled my blood and obsessive thoughts to think.
Today, I no longer abide by ruthless commandments
Written by the claw of darkness and shackled me in discontent.
No longer shall I embody lies for truth is my newfound friend
The pain of forgotten mornings have met their bitter end.
I praise an inner strength within that relinquished me of guilt
So now my present, wounded soul can humbly be rebuilt.

Travis Lepine

On A Forlorn Day

On a forlorn day of purely grey,
There wandered a vagrant on his way
To a location to keep warm,
For the sky beheld a violent storm.

He staggered past a vendor's shop
Where something made that drifter stop.
A cryptic satchel lay tightly concealed,
Hidden securely under an earthly shield.
The man, without delay, gradually glided
Toward the site where the purse resided.
He quailed to his knees and with his grasp,
Hoisted the bag and set free a gasp.
The purse was quite heavy, seven pounds perhaps,
And was crimson red with two ebony straps.

He had not many morals and who would have known
If he glimpsed in the bag; the boulevard was his own.
He detached the harnesses, one by one,
And inside the bag were precious coins and a gun.
The man's eyes were befuddled with a developing hunger;
He would now travel the sphere as an opulent monger.

His first visitation was to be the shop of the vendor,
Who stood with a cane and a physique that was slender.
Impoverished he did look; he certainly was not blest,
Apart from the resplendent pendant that rests on his chest.
He had a coarse beard, a wardrobe smothered in stains,
And a complexion that was redder than the blood in his veins.

The vendor greeted the vagrant with an honest salute
And said, "You, sir, look like you can use a new suit."
The vagrant replied, "Not necessary my friend.
The purpose of my presence is not to spend.
I'm simply here to present you an offer;
How would you, my good sir, like to become the shopper? "
The vendor responded, "With all due respect
I have got all I needed since I last checked."

"But have you a metal, so seductive and plush;
That a cleric, himself, could not withstand to lust.'
An upheaval arose in that old merchant's eye
Like the altocumulus clouds of a mackerel sky.
The merchant then murmured, "If you behold such a metal,
Then perhaps it's pretentious or enthralled by the devil."
The vagrant just chuckled with an uncanny grin
And said, "But what is great wealth without the presence of sin? "

He retrieved a handful of coins from the bag he had found,
Erected them to the sky, and discarded them on the ground,
And spoke: "There lay the coins, they be yours if you wish.
They'll grant you great fortune and everlasting bliss.
Trust me, my friend, your mortal life will soon change.
I only ask for a slight token in this exchange."

The vendor spoke kindly, "May I address
That materialistic items are not my interest.
Now I kindly ask for your exit; my shop is now closing"
The vagrant replied, "My apologies for imposing.
But you must know I'm a man guilty of greed
And I will maintain my presence 'til our exchange is agreed!
Now, relinquish that gem and there will be no blood shed."
The vagrant reached in the purse and retrieved Satan's lead.

The merchant commanded, "I will not consign!
I will not resist my destiny; I will stand divine! "
The vagrant aimed at the merchant who stood valiantly brave,
And responded, "You deprived me of the fortunes in which I do crave.
You're now an enemy. For this reason you must succumb
And accept your given fate; God's arrival will become."

He shot the merchant just once and entropy bled
From the merchant's heart as he unsoundly said:
"Greed has polluted your soul for your thoughts are obsessed.
Perdition awaits your arrival for the greed you possess.
I will die your foe until my final breath,
But the last enemy that will be destroyed is your death! "

Travis Lepine

Something Done In Vengeance

This day is the day I put a culprit to rest,
I bloodied my saber inside of its chest.
I blind it with torment, cleaned out its core,
Ruptured its organs and dressed it with gore.
A sinner it is, covered in scales and horns,
With a beautiful sheath but a heart full of thorns.
I will, with all might, sever its wings,
Drown it in sorrow, and hang it with slings,
Send it to the bottom of a far, distant shrine.
For I am its magistrate; I am its mind.
The duty has ended, I mustn't dwell anymore,
For here I lay lifeless on redemption's floor.

Travis Lepine

Taxi

She rests so softly in that seat;
Her heart searing with pain.
Grief haunts her every thought with loss
As the sky floods in rain.

“Take me to a distant place
Where I may ache alone.
My warmth has died an awful death;
Tonight I must atone.”

Her driver drove a darkened trail
Through a nocturnal lane.
The somber oak upon the trees
Made her eyes throb in pain.

The forest’s vision marked her hard
With its inhuman eye.
It knew her predetermined course:
A death she can’t defy.

“Let up the brakes! My spouse awaits.”
She gaited from her ride.
The twilight sharpened by the moon
Let loose a lustrous tide.

“My husband! Please forgive my fault.
She holds my spite, not you.
Tonight we will sleep together;
Your amour is overdue.”

The gleaming stars spiked her dull blade;
Her veins intense with thrill.
She grazed her neck and ruby red
Began to slowly spill.

Her comely face veiled many lies
And no man would assume
That this young widow held inside
An infant in her womb.

Travis Lepine

The Deadly Air

The potent air heaved all afternoon
And froze the murky mountain tips.
Its cutting force, without remorse,
Could burn the skin and rive the lips.

Hounds and felines dodged its being
So did the fliers as well.
For this red day, one may say,
Was whistled straight from hell.

So hell it may be for heaven it's not
For its fervency could freeze one to stone.
And this potent air from Satan's lungs
Was sultry and heinously blown.

And all the tenants in the land
Inhaled this foul draft
It corrupted them into a mold
Of Satan's evil craft.

The breaker of trees drenched the roads
In a crimson colored gore.
The closed hands of once devout people
Are now implements of war.

The weather of violence blew all day
As folks fell asleep by the sword.
Who could have saved us? No one perhaps
Except for the breath of the Lord.

A world of filth, of death, of sin
Doth all mar earths' ground
This glum lost world that has much good
Is yet to have been found.

Travis Lepine

The Louse That Refined My Day

I saw an insect hunt my limb
On a June morning bright
It wanted to explore God's world
So it climb a lofty height.
Dear Ant: How be thy soul?
Has life enriched thee nicely?
You deserve a human praise-Kind friend;
Not a phrase that sounds concisely.
For you and me inhale the air
That a soul does need to be.
You, O' louse, and I have same conceptions
I hope thee do agree...
For the grazing grass we walk upon
Is mine and his but yours.
And shall we share this striking earth
For you an' thee to endure?

Travis Lepine

The Possession

Just like the cawing croaks that cry
amongst the tarnished evening sky

An evil lingers through a gust
of wind, and sin and growing lust

Lively is Death as breathing lungs
and he speaks a sound of haunting tongue

That on this night a man had heard
the corruption of his evil word.

The succubus devoured the mans' mind
his ears now deaf, his eyes now blind

He walked the streets a protégé
possessed by words he must obey

To serve the wretched and serve the will
of Satan and his command to kill

Horror was carried out that night
he stole the lives in Satan's sight

Underneath the cypress tree
in a graveyard of black debris

Sat the man-his mind perpturbed-
the wet air of night sang disturbed

The man knew not how he became
rubified to shades of a scorching flame

He sprouted like a peculiar rose
that grew from all that decompose

Underneath from where he stands
the pistol remained in his hands

What had he done? What must he do?
all questions he could not construe

The man hoisted the pistol high
the chamber glistened in his eye

The metal bullet entered his head
But intact was the man that never bled.

Travis Lepine

The Trespasser

The mongrel still is on a leash of sky
Where it ambles
With no cares but liberty
Evading its surroundings
Enjoying life as being.
.The captive stare.
..Accumulating envy.
...Screams and scrutinizing.
But it scurries regardless.

Where does its destiny bring it? —
No where but its native roots
Of freedom.
And like the gusto of a star
☒ remains.

But with nature's inevitable blow of undesirable wind
The sunny beast is shackled.
Aback, aback, aback.
Its drudgery astray
☐Its life is what it'll pay.

Travis Lepine

War

Why have a heart if anon it will cease
And why do we battle with intentions for peace?
The irony shines from the blade of the sword
Where our blood and our sweat goes without much reward.
The peace is disturbed and the death numbers tolled
And our earth is frantically raging.
Dust off your rifle and do as your told
For your lifespan is rapidly aging.
So why continue to mimic our forefathers faults
Just to discard our brothers into forgotten vaults?
Their wives and their children's tears flood hollow tombs
And the roses do wither from their once lofty bloom.
Never we thought freedom came with such woe
O! the guns' breath is violently flaring.
The stories of honour are buried below
With the attire the corpses were wearing.

Travis Lepine

Where Does My Road Lead?

I've reinstated foregoing thoughts
Of sobriety and hope.
The mackerel sky doth shine its light
Upon my newfound scope.
For years my light was far too dim
But this day I renew the flame
That had been sovereign with hope
Not prevailing thoughts of shame.
But sober days do violently incise my will
And I lapse to antecedent ways.
I bury myself in a grave of famine
Living within these infectious days.
I battle Satan's mercenaries
With every flash of conscientiousness.
I'm blinded on this debauched road
In which I have digressed.

Travis Lepine

Winter

The air blows high the frozen mass,
Pine trees cloaked in fine frosted powder.
As bitter eyes ponder through frosted glass
The night whistles quietly but vicious the bite
That clings to surroundings-a frosted blight.

The hawk flies south in panic and haste
To avoid the death of Canadian winter.
Mighty black bears are readily braced
For they have prepared for it before
Again! They must once more.

Glaciation solidifies running creeks,
It veils the pink brook trout,
Lengthens to the mountain peaks,
And hollowness devours the land
In a barren of white grains of sand.

Travis Lepine